Caſ. I but Lady,
The pollicy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feede vpon ſuch nice,and watriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelfe, ſo out of circumſtance,
That I being abſent,and my place ſupplied,
My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice:
Deſd. Doe not doubt that,before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place; aſſure thee
If I doe vow a friendſhip,I'le performe it
To the laſt Article; my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
I'le watch him tame,and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole,his boord a ſhrift,
I'le intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*,
For thy ſoiliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thee cauſe: away.

Enter Othello,Iago,*and Gentlemen.*

Em. Madam,here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam,I'le take my leaue.
Deſd. Why ſtay and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now,I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſd. Well,doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſſio.
Iag. Ha,I like not that.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord,or if,I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord? --no ſure,I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſneake away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſd. How now my Lord,
I haue beene talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'ſt you meane?
Deſd. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*,good my Lord,

If I haue any grace or power to mo
His preſent reconſiliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loue
That erres in ignorance,and not in c
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt fa
I preethee call him backe.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſd. Yes faith,ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes w
I ſuffer with him; good loue call hi
Oth. Not now ſweete *Deſdemon*
Deſd. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweete for you
Deſd. Shal't be to night at ſupp
Oth. No,not to night.
Deſd. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meete the Captaines,at the Citta
Deſd. Why then to morrow nig
On Tueſday morne,or night,or W
I preethee name the time,but let it
Exceed three dayes: Iſaith hee's p
And yet his treſpaſſe,in our commo
(Saue that they ſay,the warres muſ
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a faul
To incurre a priuate checke: when
Tell me *Othello*: I wonder in my ſo
What you could aske me,that I ſho
Or ſtand ſo muttering on? What
That came a wooing with you,and
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſ
Hath tane your part,to haue ſo muc
To bring him in? Birlady I could
Oth. Preethee no more,let him
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſd. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreate you weare

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)